I WON'T TELL YA *NOTHIN* ABOUT MY FRIENDS!

OH, YOU'LL *SPEAK*, HAUNTER. WE'LL FIND A WAY TO MAKE YOU *SING*!

WREN! YOU'RE THE *GOOD* COP, SAY SOMETHING *ENCOURAGING*!

...UM...

PRIOR TO THEIR CAPTURE, THE FIVE FINGERS WERE THE MOST WANTED GANG OF HAUNTERS IN ***BEARBRASS CITY.***

LARCENY, BLACKMAIL, FORCIBLE UNDEAD POSSESSION...THEY

IN THEIR MOST RECENT CRIME, BEFORE THEIR ARREST, THEY POSSESSED NUMEROUS CIVIC BUILDINGS AND ***FORCIBLY RELOCATED*** THEM - OFTEN WITH THE OWNERS ***STILL INSIDE!***

IT WAS A PARANORMAL REAL ESTATE SCAM OF EPIC PROPORTIONS...STOPPED ONLY WHEN THE **RED CROWS** CAUGHT UP WITH THEM.

NOW THAT THEY ARE ON THE LOOSE **AGAIN** SOMEHOW...BEARBRASS ISN'T **SAFE** UNTIL THEY ARE **FOUND!**

WE NEED THIS GANG **OFF** THE STREETS BEFORE THEY START CAUSING HARM YET **AGAIN.**
AND NO DOUBT **NOX** HERE HAS AN IDEA WHERE THEY MIGHT BE **HIDING** AFTER THEIR **JAILBREAK.**
YA CAN TRAP

DIDN'T YA LISTEN?! I AIN'T SQUEALIN'!
PART OF ME IN YER BLASTED PHOTO, AN' MAKE ME YER PRISONER...
...BUT I KNOW YOU CAN'T FORCE ME TO TALK!
YOU'RE RIGHT. THE EYE WE USE TO TAKE OUR SPIRIT PICTURES HAS ITS LIMITS...
FINE. LET'S TAKE OFF THE KID GLOVES!
PAI, CAN YOU USE YOUR ABILITIES TO...ROUGH UP THIS OBSTINATE GHOUL?
JUST UNTIL HIS TONGUE LOOSENS.
MFF.
WE DRUDGES CAN SHAKE APART THE VERY CORE OF ANOTHER'S SOUL.
IT'S HOW WE FEED...WE DEPOSSESS LIVING

SPIRITS FROM THEIR BODIES AND DRAIN THEM.
EVEN THOUGH YOU HAVE NO BODY...THIS WILL STILL HURT.
ARE YOU LOT AMATEURS OR WHAT?!
KRACKLE

POLTERGEISTS ARE RESISTANT TO PAIN.
WE'RE THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WHO DIED IN GREAT PAIN!
YOU CAN HAVE YER DRUDGE PULL MY SPIRIT COMPLETELY IN TWO, AN' I STILL WON'T SPEAK A WORD TO YA!
THIS ISN'T WORKING, MASTER.
SO IT'S TRUE. POLTERGEISTS DON'T CRACK UNDER DURESS...
IT DIDN'T WORK.
CAN I GO NOW?

HEH. BRING IT ON!
UM...
EXCUSE ME...
CAN I RETURN TO MY HOUSE NOW?

IT'S ALL EMPTY AND UNGUARDED...
IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO IT...
TELL MASTER WHERE YOUR ASSOCIATES ARE HIDING!!
YA GOT NOTHIN ON ME!
EVERYONE IS IGNORING ME...

THIS ISN'T WORKING.
...AND I'M GETTING A MIGRAINE.
WHAT DO WE DO, MASTER?

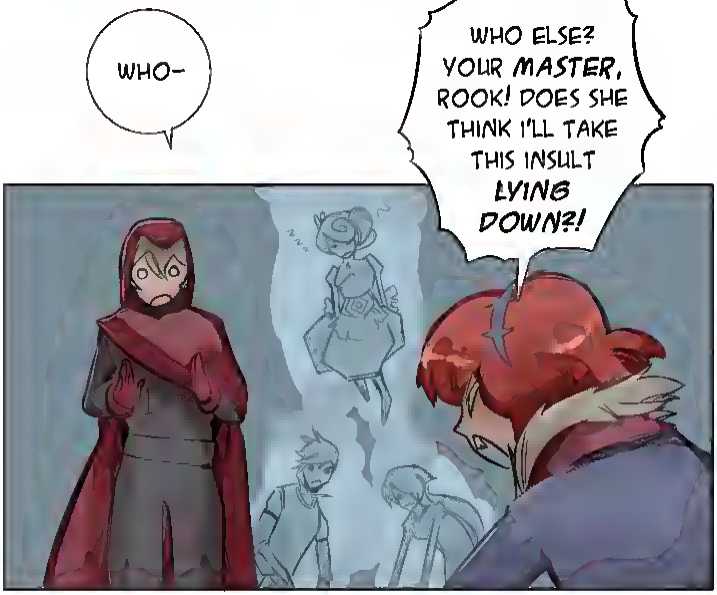
WITHOUT ANY LEADS FROM OUR UNCOOPERATIVE FRIEND HERE, WE'LL NEED TO START OUR SEARCH FOR THE OTHER FINGERS FROM SCRATCH.
AND PRAY THAT THEY DON'T HURT ANY CITIZENS WITH THEIR ANTICS UNTIL WE GET THEM...

PERHAPS OTHER CROWS HERE HAVE *HEARD* SOMETHING.

I'LL JUST-

WHERE *IS* SHE?!

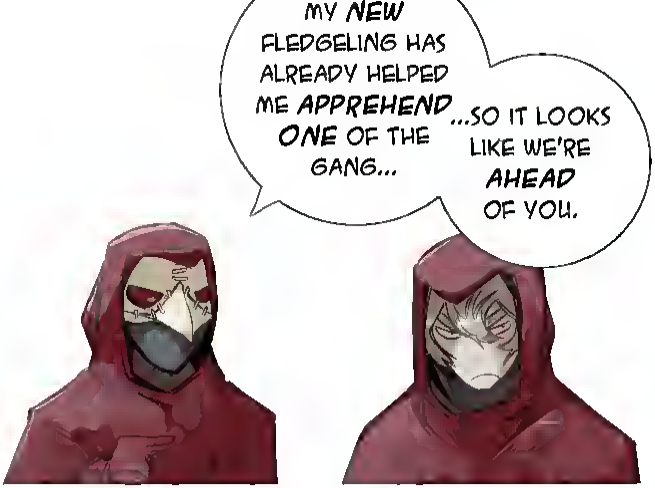
SLAAM!!


WHO-
WHO ELSE? YOUR MASTER, ROOK! DOES SHE THINK I'LL TAKE THIS INSULT LYING DOWN?!

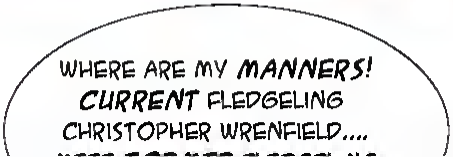
I'M RIGHT HERE, LUDMILLA...
HIDING FROM ME, I KNEW IT!!
SLAM

THE NEST RECORDS SAY YOU'RE WORKING ON THE *FIVE FINGERS* CASE!

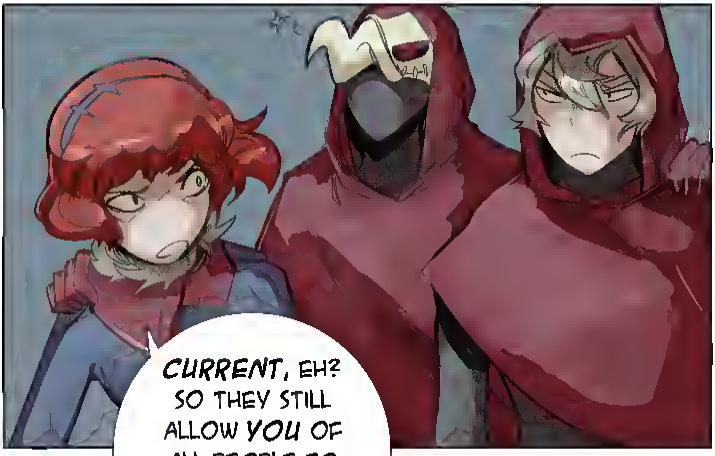
THAT'S *MY* CASE! YOU HAVE NO *RIGHT-*


MY NEW FLEDGELING HAS ALREADY HELPED ME APPREHEND ONE OF THE GANG...
...SO IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE AHEAD OF YOU.

OH...?
YES MA'AM.


WHERE ARE MY MANNERS! CURRENT FLEDGELING CHRISTOPHER WRENFIELD....

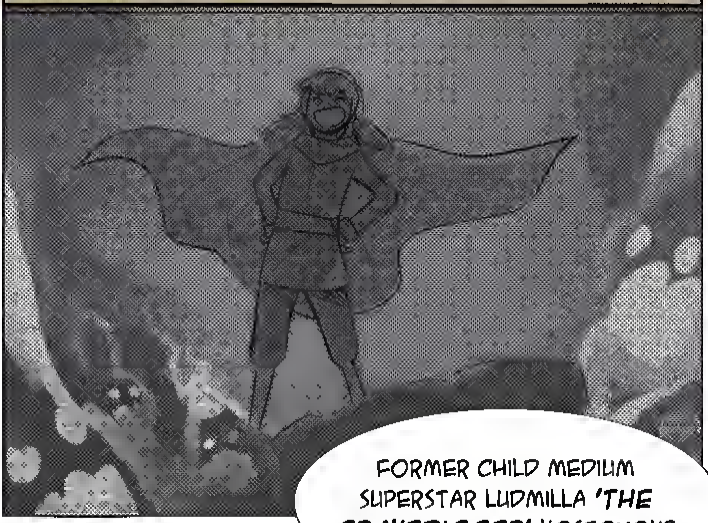
MEET *FORMER* FLEDGELING LUDMILLA VOSTOKOV!



CHILD PRODIGY

SINGLE-HANDEDLY DEFEATS PHANTOM BANK ROBBERS

SINGLE-HANDEDLY DEFEATS PHANTOM BANK ROBBERS



FORMER CHILD MEDIUM SUPERSTAR LUDMILLA 'THE GRAVEDIGGER' VOSTOKOV?

THAT'S ME, JUNIOR!
WHAT A SHAME TO SEE A PROMISING YOUNG CROW SADDLED WITH ROOK AS A MASTER!
SHE'S IN THE BOND-BREAKER DEPARTMENT? SEEMS BENEATH HER...

AHH YES, THE **POLTERGEIST**. I RECOGNISE HIS **INSCRUTABLE MUG** FROM THE FILES.

TRYING TO GET INFORMATION FROM **HIM**?

YOU'VE GOT YOUR WORK CUT OUT. POLTERGEISTS DON'T *TALK* UNDER *DURESS*...

...SOMETHING TO DO WITH HOW THEIR *GHOSTS* ARE FORMED.

MORE LIKE A *TOE.*

OHO. *WREN*

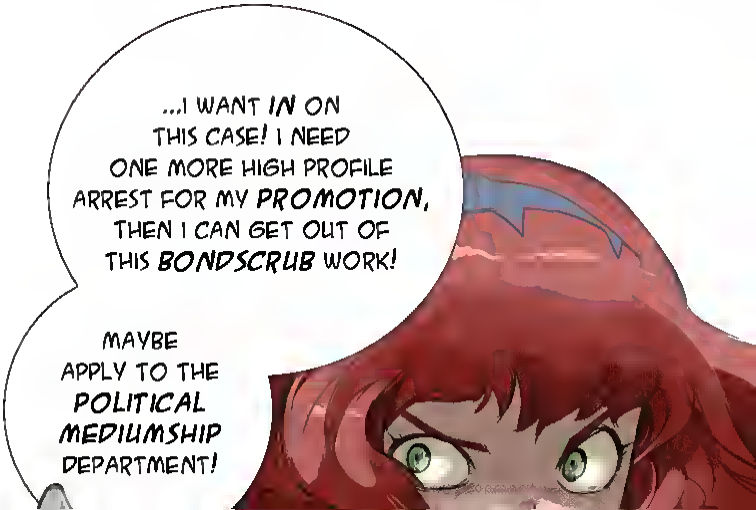
CAUGHT HER ALONG WITH THE POLTERGEIST!
SEE?

A DOUBLE EXPOSURE, EH? WELL, THIS MAKES GETTING HIM TO

TALK MUCH EASIER.

HMM? HOW SO?

BEFORE I TELL YOU ANYTHING MY FORMER MASTER...


...I WANT IN ON THIS CASE! I NEED ONE MORE HIGH PROFILE ARREST FOR MY PROMOTION, THEN I CAN GET OUT OF THIS BONDSCRUB WORK!
MAYBE APPLY TO THE POLITICAL MEDIUMSHIP DEPARTMENT!

EVEN MEDICAL EXORCISM RESEARCH, IF THEY'LL TAKE ME!
STILL OBSESSED WITH CLIMBING THE CORPORATE LADDER, EH? WELL, IF YOU CAN GET NOX TO SQUEAL, IT'S A DEAL!
HEH HEH!

NOT SURE WHAT YOU'RE **PLANNING** THOUGH, LUDMILLA. OUR **DRUDGE** HERE COULDN'T GET A **WORD** OUT OF HIM, AND SHE HAS A **TIGHT GRIP.**

FORGET ABOUT THE POLTERGEIST.
USE YOUR POWERS ON THE WISP INSTEAD.

...
HAH?

SORRY...
AH-

ZZAAAWSSSP
AHHH!!
THE PHOTOGRAPH YOU TOOK *LINKS* THESE TWO, NOW. LIKE PRISONERS IN

A SPIRITUAL CHAIN BANG!
TOO BAD THIS WISP ISN'T PAIN RESISTANT, EH, 0-70?!
THIS IS...
STOP IT! STOP IT!
IT...

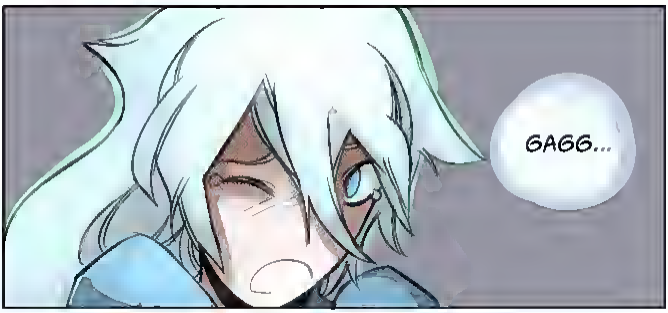
HURTS!!
I DUNNO WHO LET US OUTTA THE MAUSOLEUM OR WHY...
BUT OUR BOSS KNOWS! AN' HE TOLD US ONCE WE WAS OUT TO RENDEZVOUS AT THE DOLL-HUSK FACTORY ON CRYPT STREET!
BOSS? ONE OF THE OTHER FINGERS?
SALTER. HE'S OUR LEADER! HE MENTIONED SOME KINDA ALLY WHO HAD A JOB FER US...
HEH! EASY.

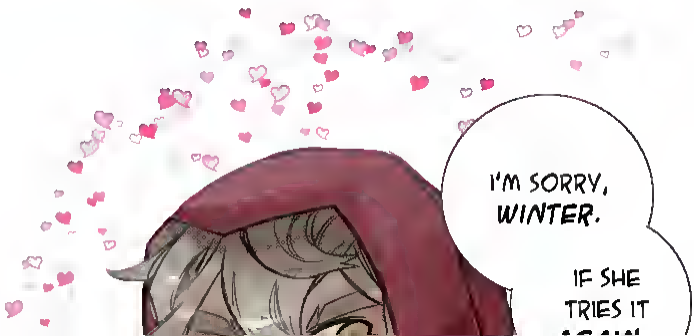
I'VE SEEN ENOUGH, LUDMILLA.
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU LEARNED THAT TRICK.
COUGH...
SORRY...
AGAIN...
I HAVEN'T EVER SUCCUMBED TO PAIN UNTIL NOW...

IT FELT LIKE I WAS DYING AGAIN.
THIS WISP...
...GIVES ME A HUGE WEAK SPOT!
I GOTTA GET RID OF HER!
YOU HEARD HIM! DOLLHUSK FACTORY ON CRYPT!

AND BRING O-70 AND THE OTHER TWO.
LET'S GO!
LUDMILLA THE GRAVEDIGGER.
COUGH

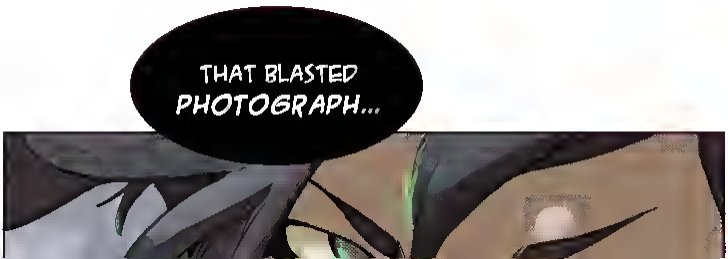
WHAT MANNER OF RED CROW TORTURES A HELPLESS WISP LIKE THIS?!


GAGG...


I'M SORRY, WINTER.
IF SHE TRIES IT

AGAIN...
I'LL MAKE SURE SHE STOPS.
SHE'S GIVING ME THAT CREEPY LOOK AGAIN.
I'D BETTER BE ON GUARD...

I'LL MAKE SURE WREN'S PHOTO IS SAFE IN THE ARCHIVES...
THEN WE'RE OFF TO CRYPT STREET!


THAT BLASTED PHOTOGRAPH...

I HAVE TO
DESTROY IT
SOMEHOW!

RISE FROM ASHES